

The Historie of

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile sweare I kilde him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and
John of Lancaster.*

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full brauely hast thou sleight
Thy mayden Sword.

John. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliuē?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seemst.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be
not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a *Iacke*: there is *Percy*; if your Fa-
ther will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next
Percy himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure
you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to ly-
ing? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was
he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by
Shrewsbury clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that
should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads.
Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh,
if the man were aliuē, & would deny it, Zounds, I would make
him eate a peece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

Henry the fourth

For my part, if a lier may doe thee
Ile guilde it with the happiest tea

A retreat is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpets sound R
Come Brother, lets to the highest
To see what friendes are liuing,

Fal. Ile follow as they say for
God reward him. If I doe grow
Purge, and leane Sacke, and liue
doe.

*The Trumpets sound, enter the
John of Lancaster, Earle of
cester and Vernon prisoner.*

King. Thus euer did Rebellion
Ill spirited *Wercester*, did not we
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to
And wouldst thou turne our offe
Misuse the tenor of thy kinshin
Three Knights vpon our party
A noble Earle, and many a creat
Had been aliuē this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst tru
Betwixt our Armies true intellig

War. What I haue done, my la
And I embrace this fortune patie
Since not to beauoyded, it fals o

King. Beare *Wercester* to the dea
Other Offenders we will pause
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord Do
The fortune of the day quite turn
The noble *Percy* slaine, and all his
Vpon the foot offeare, fled with
And falling from a hill, he was se
That the pursuers tooke him. At
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech yo
I may dispose of him.